

## A HEROINE—IN HOME- SPUN

She is not fair to outward  
view

As maidens be;  
'And yet a more enticing  
sight

I never hope to see  
Than when for my unworthy  
sake

She tickles up the buckwheat  
cake.

She is not blithe as a gazelle  
That chortles down the  
vale—

She cannot turn the night to  
song

Like some sweet nightin-  
gale—

But you should see her coun-  
tenance

As she sews buttons on my  
pants.

Let poets sing of maidens rare  
Who shimmer in the dawn,  
Whose eyes are like the stars  
above.

When all the clouds are gone—  
But I will put my life in hock  
For one plain dame that darns  
my sock.

Don't skim the milk of human  
kindness.

Death by prevention of sleep is  
a legal form of punishment in  
China.

"The waves dash over her!"  
cried the orator. "Her sails are  
split! Her yards are gone! Her  
masts are shivered! She is driv-

## WHEN SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE

NOW DOT WE HAF CHOINED DER  
CHINESE REBELS, ADOLF, DEY SHOUL  
PROFITE US MIT ARMS. I HOPE.  
DEY HAF FIRST-CLASS  
RIFLES.

SO DO I,  
OSGAR,  
SO DO I.



ing ashore! There is no hope!  
What can save her now!

"Let go the anchor, ye lubber!"  
yelled the seaman in the audience.

If anything that happens in  
China now may be said to be  
"legal."

Considering the style of back-  
bone worn by some folks there  
should be a good market for fold-  
ing beds.

Some people curse nature  
whenever their shoes pinch.

A Swiss newspaper has boldly  
announced that it will lead a dou-  
ble life. Half of the paper will be  
conservative and half socialistic.